

BRITISH HOSPITAL SHIP TORPEDOED BY U BOAT

The Daily Mirror

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One Penny.

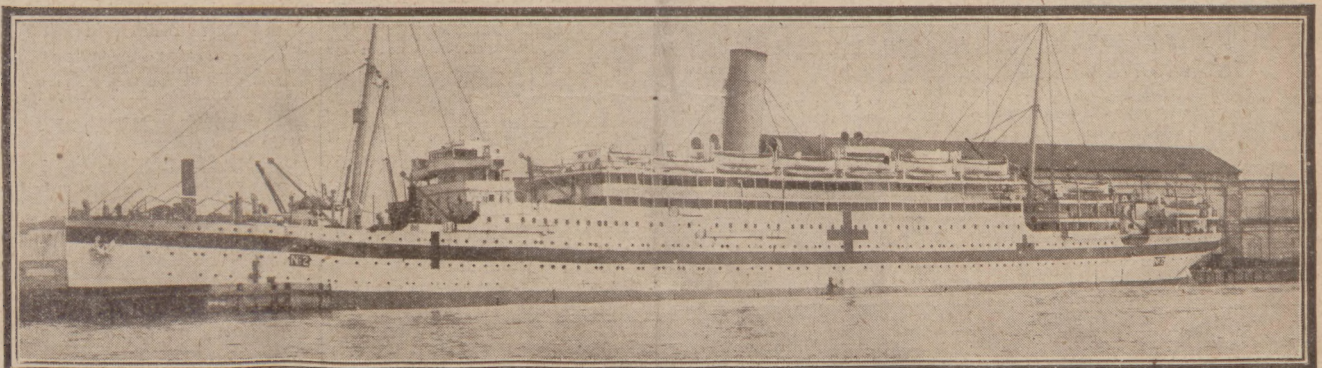
FRENCH WOMEN TELL BRITISH SOLDIERS ALL ABOUT THEIR SUFFERINGS UNDER HUN RULE.



Women and children welcome their deliverers. On arriving in a village our men learn what it means to live for more than two years under the Prussian heel, and the joy of the inhabitants at being once more free knows no bounds. Neither does their gratitude,

and the soldiers are overwhelmed with thanks, the only thing the Huns have left the unfortunate people to give away. It will be seen that this village, like many others, has been laid in ruins.—(Official photograph.)

BRITISH HOSPITAL SHIP TORPEDOED—DASTARDLY ACT ANNOUNCED BY THE ADMIRALTY LAST NIGHT.



The Germans, who regard The Hague Convention as a "scrap of paper," have given effect to their brutal threat that they would torpedo hospital ships and have sunk the *Asturias* without warning, despite the fact that all the proper Red Cross distinguishing

marks were brilliantly illuminated. This is not the first occasion that the *Asturias* has been attacked when engaged on her work of mercy, as earlier in the war a German submarine discharged a torpedo at her. It missed its mark, however.

'MEANS WAR WITH EVERY NEUTRAL.'

Sir E. Carson Ridicules Seizing of All Ships.

BLOCKADE SUCCEEDING.

Thus spoke Lord Robert Cecil, the Blockade Minister, in an important statement last night in the House of Commons in reply to Mr. Hewart, who suggested that the manner in which our blockade was administered conferred advantages on Germany.

Lord Robert Cecil's main points were:—The well-authenticated stories of food riots in Germany indicated profound discontent of the German population with existing conditions. The war could only be won on the field of battle, but when we came to the final battle the effect of our blockade would count greatly. It had been suggested that Denmark had been guilty of grave delinquencies with regard to ourselves. He made no such charge against the Danes.

The Danes had endeavoured honestly and honourably to fulfil any assurances they had given.

For practical purposes the distinction between absolute and conditional contraband had ceased to exist. Rationing of neutrals by agreement had produced far less friction than would have been the case with compulsory rationing.

Measures taken had produced a complete cessation of overseas importation into enemy countries. Sir E. Carson said those who put forward the ridiculous doctrine of "a seize every neutral ship and take out the goods" meant that we should go to war with everybody.

The First Sea Lord had told him that he knew of no other system than that now existing of blockading Germany through neutral countries.

'LOSSES WILL GET WORSE.'

Lord Latimer, in the House of Lords, moved for a Commission of Inquiry into Danish and Dutch trade in food and fodder stuffs as it affects this country.

The country wanted to know, he declared, why certain British imports were allowed into Denmark, considering that country had constantly broken her agreement to supply us with food, while at the same time enormous quantities of food and fertilisers had passed through Denmark and Holland into Germany.

Lord Beresford did not see how he could shun the war when we supplied the enemy with means by which they could prolong it.

He did not think our captures of submarines were at all equivalent to the new boats the Germans were launching.

He should have a famine all over the world within the next three years.

The Germans, he believed, had more men and more food than we imagined.

TWO MONTHS' SINKINGS.

The losses in British, Allied and neutral vessels for February amounted to 231 vessels, of an aggregate of over 505,000 tons, and for March up to date the figures were 255 vessels of over 420,000 tons.

With longer days and calmer weather our losses would get worse, and the public ought to have the facts brought home to them.

Lord Hylton said that very large reductions had taken place in the exports to Denmark and Holland. Both were Sovereign States who, as neutrals, had their rights as well as the belligerents, and it was for the rights of a neutral that this country went to war.

Lord Emmott characterised as absolutely ridiculous, unfair and mischievous the statement that we were feeding Germany.

The Marquis of Lansdowne said that had we brushed away the whole procedure that had been followed we should have had some neutrals at war with us.

The Lord Chancellor said it was almost appalling to think of the danger the country ran through the action of the Government in 1910 in pressing the Declaration of London through the Commons.

It was only through the action of their Lordships' House that the country was saved from a very grave calamity.

Lord Latimer, by leave, withdrew his motion.

SIR WILLIAM PLENDER'S TASK.

Mr. Bonar Law, answering Colonel Gretton in the House of Commons yesterday, said that the Government had considered the recommendations in the bankers' report on the liquidation of the German banks.

They concurred in the recommendation that it would be very undesirable to relieve Sir William Plender of his position as liquidator.

MYSTERY TRUNK OPENED.

The mystery trunk, alleged to belong to Count Bernstorff, and of which the British authorities took possession in consequence of certain circumstances, was opened at the Foreign Office yesterday in presence of the Swedish Minister.

No information is available of the contents.

HALAKITE DRAMA.

Explosive To Be Made at Inquiry—Messenger Sent to Paris.

RAID CHARGES WITHDRAWN.

There was an unexpected development yesterday at the Army Council inquiry into the refusal of the Government to use the explosive halakite, which culminated in a raid on the room of Sir Theodore Cook, editor of the *Field*.

It was announced that counsel for the parties concerned withdrew all complaints against the authorities in connection with the raid. It was therefore decided to continue the inquiry upon the terms of reference as to why the British authorities refused to use halakite or to permit its manufacture.

Later Mr. Ellis Griffith said that he would produce halakite, which would conform with the claim which Lord Moulton called an audacious claim.

It was decided that a messenger be sent to Paris for the apparatus in order that the powder might be produced and tested.

The Attorney-General said that he would see that the messenger received a passport so that he could start at once.

Lord Moulton, who described himself as the Director-General of Explosives, gave evidence. He dealt with the various tests to which halakite had been subjected, and said he came to the conclusion that the explosive was quite unsuitable for shell filling.

"The moment I saw the results of the first analysis," said the witness, "I realised I was faced with a deliberate imposture."

Referring to his interview with Sir T. Cook on September 5, Lord Moulton said that it was obvious to him that Sir Theodore was absolutely in the hands of other people, and did not know the truth of the case. He was infuriated by the invention.

Witness said he insisted on having the formula, as the explosive varied so continuously, and he could do nothing until he had the formula.

"I was satisfied," said Lord Moulton, "that they never could give me the formula, and that it could never be put together."

The hearing was adjourned.

SECRET WIRELESS.

Discovery at Tsarskoe Selo—Communications with Berlin.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.—In Tsarskoe Selo a secret wireless station has been discovered.

It is stated that the station had communication with Berlin, and that it was established by Protopopoff with the knowledge of the Tsar. The wireless station was discovered when correspondence between the Empress and Protopopoff was seized.—Exchange.

WAITRESS'S FURS.

Girl Who Dined at Savoy and Rode in Taxi-Cabs.

A waitress at one of Messrs. Lyons' tearooms was sued in the West London County Court yesterday for £12 for furs, etc. She did not appear. What on earth does a waitress at Lyons' want with expensive furs? asked Judge Selfe. "When she ordered the last dress she said she was going to dinner at the Savoy," replied plaintiff.

Oh," said the Judge, "she does not wait at the Savoy; she dines there. Has she got a boy?"

The defendant's landlady replied that she believed that she had.

She goes about in perfect luxury—in taxi-cabs and that sort of thing," said plaintiff.

Judgment was given for the amount claimed.

TO SEE DOCTORS AGAIN.

Bill To Be Passed for Re-Examination of Potential Soldiers.

According to a statement made by Mr. Bonar Law in the House of Commons yesterday the Government have decided upon a medical re-examination of men of military age not yet in the Army.

The Government, said Mr. Bonar Law, had found it absolutely necessary to introduce a short Bill giving the right of medical re-examination. It would be introduced to-day, and the House would be asked to proceed with it on Thursday.

Answering a question in the House on Wednesday last Mr. Macpherson, the Under-Secretary for War, made the important announcement that the present classifications of men recruited for the Army into A, B, or C classes, with various sub-classes, are to be revised.

"I understand," said Mr. Macpherson, "that the proposal in favour with the War Office authorities is to have two distinct categories—Class A, which will very likely consist of men who are fit for general service, and Class B, consisting of those who are not fit for general service."

There is to be another revision of the cost of meals supplied to needy London schoolchildren, the London County Council proposing to pay the Alexandra Trust 4d. per dinner and 2d. per breakfast.

READY TO TAKE AWAY

Food Kitchen Meals to Save Time and Labour.

BOON FOR THE POOR.

The desirability of adopting some system of public feeding or cooking to save food and money for the poor is directing keen interest to the proposal to establish public kitchens.

The idea is that people should be able to buy ready-cooked food at these communal kitchens at prices very little higher than they would pay for the same foods uncooked.

They would be a very welcome boon to the poor, not merely because their meals would be always immediately ready and cheaper, but also because they would save much labour among hundreds of thousands whose time is almost wholly taken up by national work.

There are hundreds of butchers and ham and beef shops in all parts of London, and even in the City itself, which serve cooked meats by weight and vegetables to choice.

At one of these shops in Victoria yesterday *The Daily Mirror* was able to buy "two penn'orth of boiled beef or pork and carrots and one penn'orth of pea pudding" for a penn'orth of 'faggots' (chopped meat and herbs) cooked and ready for immediate consumption.

The *Daily Mirror* was told that the number of customers for hot cooked meat at this shop frequently totals 600 per day.

No Compulsion.—Mr. Kennedy Jones, the Director-General of the new Food Economy Department of the Ministry of Food, speaks of compulsion in the matter of food as "an unthinkable disaster."

"Compulsion may have to come," he said yesterday, "but I believe it would be a greater failure here than it has proved in Germany."

"It would require the appointment of an army of officials."

"There are 10,000,000 families to be rationed. If the scheme extended to, say, six different articles of food, then, roughly speaking, some 6,240,000,000 tickets a year would be necessary!"

Mr. Kennedy Jones will inaugurate various committees all over the country to give advice as to how to save.

Not Obligated to Sell.—Captain Bathurst said yesterday that it was impossible to impose an obligation on a grocer to sell sugar to any person demanding it.

EXPLOSION IN NORTH.

One Person Killed, Nine Injured—Affair Due to Accidental Causes.

PRESS BUREAU.

An explosion occurred at a munition factory in the North of England early yesterday morning.

No serious damage was done, but the Ministry of Munitions regrets to announce that one person was killed and nine were injured, three seriously.

The explosion was due to accidental causes.

TALE OF TWO WILLS.

Eccentric Woman Who Was Afraid of Being Kidnapped.

That she had a fear of being kidnapped and used to wash her face in petrol, was stated of the late Mrs. Frances Emmiline Shaw by a milliner with whom deceased used to deal in the resumed action yesterday in the Probate Court concerning Mrs. Shaw's estate.

Mrs. Shaw was the wife of Captain Townshend Shaw, who had qualified as a barrister, and managed her affairs. In August, 1910, she was certified insane, but was discharged as sane in the October following.

Subsequently she was much annoyed with her husband, so it was alleged, and on December 22, 1910, made a will leaving her property to an aunt, Mrs. Sarah Ann Smith, the plaintiff in the action.

The husband (as defendant) said deceased was not of sound mind when this will was made and set up one dated April, 1896, made two days after the marriage.

Mr. Healy, for the defence, said that at one time the deceased was no doubt one of the most beautiful women in England. Captain Shaw gave up his career for her, and ultimately she became mentally incapable. Yet she could deceive people as to the true condition of her mind.

The hearing was adjourned.

STRIKERS HAMPER NAVY.

Sir Edward Carson Says Barrow Stoppage Means Fewer Shells.

The following telegram has been sent by Sir Edward Carson to the Admiralty representative at Barrow for publication in the district:—

"The strike at Barrow is having a serious effect upon the output of shell for the Navy. The Government have promised the men arbitration and a decision within a week if they return to work at once."

The men of the Fleet rely upon their comrades in the works to stand by them against the common enemy."

ROYAL AWARD FOR EXPLOSION HEROES.

Official Account of Cause of Munitions Disaster.

FULL TOLL OF LOSSES.

"The possibility of the disaster having been maliciously caused cannot be disregarded, but searching investigation by the police and others failed to discover any evidence which would warrant such a conclusion and no suspicion fell upon any employee or other person."

This is the statement made by the Committee appointed by the Home Secretary to inquire into the cause of the explosion in East London in January last and whose report was issued last night.

Other conclusions arrived at by the Committee include:—

(1) The explosion was preceded by a fire, which broke out either in the melt pot or in a corrugated iron structure at the top of the building immediately above the melt pot.

(2) The fire rapidly gained a fierce hold, and as the melt pot contained a large quantity of explosive material in a state of confinement it is probable that the initial detonation took place there.

(3) The evidence available is not sufficient to determine with certainty how the fire was started, but all accidental causes presenting any degree of probability may be eliminated except the two following:—

(a) A detonation spark produced by friction or impact.

(b) Spontaneous ignition, due to decomposition of the material in or about the melt pot.

The Committee made various recommendations with regard to precautions to be adopted in the manufacture and storing of explosives, and these recommendations are being acted upon.

TOTAL DEATH ROLL.

In view of the exaggerated rumours as to the number of deaths, the Committee took particular care to obtain a correct record of all casualties. They were as follows:—

Sixty-nine persons were killed on the spot.

Ninety-eight were seriously injured, of whom four have since died in hospital.

Three hundred and twenty-eight were slightly injured.

Of the ten men belonging to the shift at work in the building nine were killed and one escaped, but of the ten women at work only one lost her life.

In the course of the Committee's inquiry their attention was called to the gallant conduct of Mr. Angel, the chemist in charge of the works, Mr. George Wenborne, the leading male hand on the shift, and Police-constable Edward George Brown Greenoff.

These three men bravely remained at their posts when they could have escaped, and lost their lives in their endeavour to save the lives of others.

The Home Secretary announces that the King has conferred the Edward Medal of the First Class upon Mr. Angel and Mr. Wenborne, and the King's Police Medal upon Police-constable Greenoff.

LORD DOUNE AS POET.

Amusing Couplet in "Safety First" Committee's Competition.

Some 2,500 entries were received by the "Safety First" Publicity Committee of the Underground Railways in its competition for the best couplet illustrating the need for "safety first."

The first prize of £5 has been divided between Roland Sydney Northam, 33, Circus-road, St. John's Wood, N.W., and Les Martin, 65, Wilberforce-road, Hendon. Mr. Northam's couplet reads:—

Safety first—it's far more clever, To go to business late than never.

While that of Miss Martin runs:—

Life is short; don't make it shorter By crossing when you didn't oughter.

One entertaining verse was sent in by Lord Doune, of Kinfauns Castle, Perth, who "sang": O, mummy dear, what is that stuff, that's so like straw-berry jam?

It is, my dear, your careless pa, run over by a tram. A number of suggestions for minimising the risks of street accidents were sent in by various correspondents. One gentleman asked the Council to build footbridges 200 yards apart "on all the main roads."

TO SERVE ON ARMY COUNCIL.

New members of the Army Council, as announced in last night's *London Gazette*, include Major-General William Thomas Purse, Mr. James Ian Macpherson and Sir William Guy Granet.

HOSPITAL SHIP TORPEDOED—NEW BRITISH GAINS

Our Cavalry Drive Germans from Three Villages and Take a Number of Prisoners.

NIGHT STORMING OF COUCY BY FRENCH.

Two British Destroyers Sunk—French Take Trenches at Monastir—Armed U.S. Liner Runs Blockade.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Tuesday.

8.5 P.M.—This morning our cavalry drove the enemy from the villages of Longavesnes, Lieramont and Equancourt, which are now occupied by our troops.

A number of prisoners were captured by us in the course of this operation.

During the night the enemy delivered a third attack upon our post north of Beaumetz le Cambrai, which was temporarily successful.

Early this morning the post was recaptured by our troops and our position re-established.

An enemy raiding party was driven off by our fire last night east of Ploegsteert.

FRENCH CARRY COUCY BY ALLIES' FROD WEDGE IN BRILLIANT NIGHT RUSH.

Enemy Driven Beyond Barisis-Servais Line—Forest Battle.

FARM FORTRESS CAPTURED.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Afternoon Communiqué.—South of the Oise we continued our advance in the lower Forest of Coucy, of which we occupy the entire northern portion.

The enemy has been driven beyond the Barisis-Servais line.

South of the forest our troops during a night attack brilliantly carried the village of Coucy-le-Château, which was energetically defended by the Germans.

In the region north of Soissons we captured a farm north-west of Margival and a fortified post strongly held by the enemy.

In the Argonne we succeeded in carrying out a raid in the sector of the Four de Paris. We brought back some prisoners.

In Lorraine an enemy attempt against one of our small posts in the region of Letricourt failed completely.—Reuter.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Western Theatre.—On account of the rainy weather the fighting activity was slight on the whole of the front.

On the road leading from Bapaume towards the north-east engagements developed on the Noreuil-Lagnicourt outpost line as well as at Equancourt, to the north-east of Peronne.

Roisel, on the Cologne Brook, has been occupied by the enemy.

After repeated fruitless advances in the woodlands between the Oise and Coucy le Château strong French forces came upon our reserve troops, which inflicted losses on the enemy, and then gave way before a threatening encircling movement.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

FRENCH CAPTURE ENEMY TRENCHES NEAR MONASTIR.

Germans Admit Loss After Hand-to-Hand Fighting.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Eastern Theatre.—After an effective artillery preparation a French battalion took over 400 yards of enemy trenches towards the crest of Cervena Steier, making 100 prisoners.

In the Cerna Bend the Italian troops, supported by our artillery, foiled an attempted attack by the Bulgarians.

There has been great aerial activity on the whole front. A German aeroplane was brought down near Lake Prospa.—Reuter.

MONASTIR SUCCESS.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Macedonian Front.—To the north-west of Monastir the fighting activity was slight.

Several strong advances failed. In hand-to-hand fighting to the west of Trnova the enemy has obtained a footing in a narrow trench section.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.



British troops have captured the villages of Longavesnes, Lieramont and Equancourt, which lie between the line Roisel-Bapaume.

FOE'S REPORTED PEACE OFFER TO RUSSIA.

Autonomy of Poland and Freeing of Constantinople

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.—According to a Berlin telegraph received on the Amsterdam Bourse, Berlin is today filled with rumours of a separate peace offered by Germany to the Russian Government, the terms being complete autonomy to Poland, the internationalisation of Constantinople, the evacuation of Russian and Austrian territories, and a Russian Protectorate over Armenia.—Exchange.

HUN GAS ATTACK CAUSES RUSSIANS TO FALL BACK.

Germans Display Great Artillery Activity in Postavy Region.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Western Front.—In the region of Postavy, south of Baranovitch, the German artillery has displayed greater activity in the region of Darelubau.

After artillery fire and mine-throwing the enemy attacked our troops occupying positions on the western bank of the River Chara.

The first attack was repulsed, but the second, which was accompanied by a discharge of asphyxiating gases, obliged our troops to fall back in an easterly direction.

Enemy aeroplanes set fire to two of our captive balloons.

In the region of the little town of Svolditch, east of Baranovitch, and north-west of Kimpolung, two enemy aeroplanes were hit by our fire and fell into our lines.

"POSITIONS STORMED."

German Communiqué.—Many Russians with one machine gun were taken from the enemy trenches on Monday near Smorogon.

To the south-east of Baranovitch a well-planned and energetically conducted advance succeeded. The Russian positions between Barowo and Lacus, situated on the western bank of the Sohtschara, were stormed.

Over 300 Russians were taken prisoners, and four machine guns and seven mine throwers were captured.

To the west of Luck, to the north of the Zloczow-Tarnopol Railway and near Brzezany Russian battalions attacked after violent waves of fire. They were repulsed with heavy losses.

Front of Archduke Joseph.—To the south of the Tretusul Valley our defensive fire prevented an attack which was being prepared. Russian forces which were advancing against the Magaron Ridge were repulsed.

SLIGHT AUSTRIAN GAIN.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

There was considerable artillery activity on the Julian front on Monday.

At dusk the bombardment was extremely severe in the sector between the Frigido (Vipacoi) and Dosso Faite.

After destroying our defences the enemy launched two attacks in force, one against our positions on Hill 128, where he succeeded in occupying some of our advanced trenches. The other towards Dosso Faite, which was immediately repulsed.

Austrian Claims.—In their official the Austrians claim to have entered enemy positions in the Gorizia district and captured 315 prisoners.

THE HAGUE, Monday.—According to reports from the frontier, 4,000 German soldiers arrived in Holland in search of food. They were interned at Zwolle.—Exchange.

NO WARNING GIVEN TO THE ASTURIAS.

Casualty Roll—31 Dead, 12 Missing and 39 Injured.

NO WOUNDED ABOARD.

BRITISH ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.

The British hospital ship Asturias, whilst steaming with all navigating lights and all the proper distinguishing Red Cross signs brilliantly illuminated, was torpedoed without warning on the night of March 20-21.

The following casualties occurred:—

MILITARY.	
Dead	11
Missing (including a woman staff nurse)	3
Injured	17
	31
CREW.	
Dead	20
Missing (including a stewardess)	9
Injured	22
	51

The torpedoing of this hospital ship is included in the list of achievements claimed by U boats as reported in the German Wireless Press message on Monday.

The Asturias at the time of the outrage, the Central News understands, was carrying no wounded. She had disembarked a considerable number of wounded troops at a certain British port and was returning to her base with some 300 persons on board.

STERN BRITISH WARNING.

It will be remembered that the Germans announced that from February 1 of this year they would make war on hospital ships, and when this announcement was made the British Government requested the American Government to inform Germany that "if the threat is carried out, the United States will immediately be taken by the British authorities concerned."

Two years ago the Asturias escaped a torpedo fired at her by a submarine.

On February 2, 1915, the French Ministry of Marine announced that at 5 p.m. on the previous day, "when fifteen miles north-north-east of the Havre Lightship, a German submarine discharged a torpedo—which, however, did not hit its mark—at the British hospital ship Asturias. This action violates the explicit provisions of the Hague Convention of October 18, 1907," relative to the absolute respect due to hospital vessels.

LOSS OF TWO BRITISH DESTROYERS.

One Mined (21 Lives Saved) and Other Sunk in Collision (1 Death).

BRITISH ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.

Tuesday.—One of H.M. destroyers has recently struck a mine in the Channel and sunk.

Four officers and seventeen men were saved. Another of these vessels was sunk to-day after being in collision with a steamer.

One man lost his life in the collision. There were no other casualties. All the next of kin have been informed.

U.S. LINER DARES ZONE.

The liner St. Louis, which arrived at Liverpool yesterday from New York, is the first liner armed fore and aft to cross the Atlantic.

Only thirty-three passengers were on the vessel, including four ladies, Lord Furness (of Withy, Furness and Co.), Mr. Joseph Martin, M.P., and five New York journalists.

The passengers said voyage had been uneventful except for extra interest created by the fact that they sailed as a challenge to German submarines.

The vessel was in command of Captain H. Hartley, who brought his ship through the danger zone in fine style.

Together with the American naval authorities in charge of the runs, he was on the bridge for over seventy-two hours continuously.

No submarine was seen on the voyage. Barrels with periscopes were put out and accounted for at a range of 20 miles. The passengers said it was good sport.

On Tuesday last the gunners made good practice at an iceberg.

Most of the people slept in their clothes during the last forty-eight hours of the voyage. A Miss Knott, a Devonshire lady, who is visiting a sick relative, said she travelled on the St. Louis because she was the first American armed liner.



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To the run-down, worried, or overworked man or woman Hall's Wine is not only a marvellous means of gaining health, vitality, and strength—it is a wonderful safeguard against breakdown and those ailments which always attack the weak or the "worn out."

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GUARANTEE—Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half of it, you feel no real benefit, return to us the half-empty bottle and we will refund your outlay.

Of all Wine Merchants and Licensed Grocers & Chemists.
Price 3/9 Large Bottle.

STEPHENS SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW.

LADY DERBY OPENS A Y.M.C.A. CLUB.



The new Y.M.C.A. sailors and soldiers' club in High Holborn, which has sleeping accommodation for 450 men, was opened by the Countess of Derby (A). Sir John N. Barran, Bart., M.P., (B) presided.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

MISSING.



Cpl. Harry Carpenter (Rifle Brigade). Write to 3, Melon-road, High-street, Peckham, London, S.E.



Lieut.-Col. R. G. Usher (Essex Regt.). Write to Mrs. Usher, Bocking Church-street, Braintree, Essex.



Pte. W. J. Bell (Royal Fusiliers). Write to Mr. Walter Hend, Kingswear, Dartmouth, Devon.

DRILLING THE ROCK.



Nearly 300 girls are engaged in the manufacture of mining machinery in Cornwall. She is testing a rock drill.

DECORATED.



Pte. William Dunn (North Staffordshire Regiment), awarded the Military Medal.



Miss Kathleen Vine, of Parkstone, Dorset, awarded the Royal Red Cross.



Lieut.-Comdr. Wybrants Oliphert, D.S.O., now awarded the D.S.O. Again the Navy is silent, no particulars being given about the D.S.O.

The Guinea
Andamax 21
Pocket Slip-on
Guaranteed Waterproof

FOR MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

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This Trade Mark is the Hall-mark of Quality, Durability, and Reliability. It will be found on all Andamax.

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If the "Andamax" is not approved and is returned in seven days. The "Andamax" can be rolled up and carried in a Pocket or Lady's Handbag when not in use. See illustration.



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W. J. HARRIS & CO. LTD.

The National. Baby Carriages direct from Maker.



60/-

Carriage Paid. Grate free. Extra long seat line. 4 Cee Springs. Wired-on Rubber Tyres. All Kinds on Easy Terms.

New Catalogue No. 1 Post Free.

51, RYE LANE, LONDON, S.E. 15.

WEST END BRANCH—323 & 325, EDGWARE ROAD, W.
BRANCHES—Woolwich—62, Powis Street.
Croydon—17, George Street.
Forest Gate—59, Woodgrange Road.
Harringay—563, Green Lanes.
Barnham—22 and 24, Bedford Hill.
Clapham Junction—581, Battersea Park Road.
Chiswick—224, High Road.
Cottford—195, Rushey Green.
Elephant & Castle—7, Newington Butte.
Guildford—28, North Street.
Hackney—391, Main Street.
Kingston—26, Pitt Road.
Lee—13, High Road (Lewisham end).
Old Kent Road—No. 219.
Penge—126, Beckenham Road.
Wimbledon—6, Broadway Market.

EXTENSIVE WORKS—Hagmerie Road, London, S.E.

VEGETABLE GROWING AS A SCHOOL LESSON.



The girls receiving a lesson.



A wash after hard toil.

Allotments have been rented by the Risley-avenue School, Tottenham, on which both girl and boy pupils work three days a week. They are learning to cultivate vegetables and they now regard it as part of the ordinary curriculum.

HOW I DARKENED MY GREY HAIR.

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 oz. of bay rum. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade. It will not only darken the grey hair, but removes dandruff and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp. (—Advt.)

NO MORE GREY HAIR

Grey hair changed at once to a natural shade of light brown, ash brown or black by the use of VALENTINE'S EXTRACT (Walnut stain).

A perfect, cleanly, harmless, and washable stain. Does not soil the pillow. Price 1s. 2s., and 5s. 6d. per bottle. By post 2d. extra, severally packed. Address: C. I. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

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If you are too stout and wish to quickly reduce your weight, commence the never-failing cure with a 16 years' regular use of ANTI-PON, and effect a gain from 8 to 10 lbs. in a short time. The only safe, sure and pleasant remedy for over-fatness is ANTI-PON. No change in diet. Price 3s. and 6s. from Boots' 580 Branches and all Chemists and Stores the world over; or in plain wrapper 1/- from the Anti-Pon Co. (Dept. 22, 27, Store St., London, W.C.)



Anti-Pon

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1917.

WHAT NEXT?

NEVER since the beginning of the war has the situation on all fronts seemed so obscure even to "our military correspondent" as it does now, in this first month of spring, when so much was to be cleared up and resolved, one way or the other, for ever.

By this month, according to military prophets, writing and prophesying last summer and autumn, Germany was to be at her "last gasp."

Well, there are those who declare that that is precisely where Germany is. . . . It may be so; but it seems certain that public opinion here holds that Germany's last gasp will not be a feeble breath, but, on the whole, a strong blast of the Wagnerian dragon's mouth, belching forth gas fumes, comparable with those daily launched in the west. And everywhere you hear it asked by the ignorant, and even by "our military correspondent" himself—what is she up to now? What, oh what, will she do next? And, if we in our humble fashion may judge by the past utterances of "our military correspondent," we suppose that he will, in a day or two, tell us *what* she will do. And then she will do something else. And then of course "our military correspondent" will follow his invariable practice, and say that he always said that was what she would do.

Meanwhile, we have at least seen, this week, that a time of obscurity and "fog of war" must also and always be a time of rumour and rumourism. We take no interest in the details of these rumours; nor probably does the majority of the public, whose faith in rumour was destroyed, early in the war, by the advent of a phantom Russian army into Northern France and a consequent sudden demand for vodka at York Station. The details don't matter. But the general tone or drift of the rumours is always interesting.

What is the chief note in rumourism now? It is that interrogative, expectant, wait-and-seeish note already defined. Everybody asks "What, oh what, will they"—meaning the Germans—"do next?"

And what this interrogative note chiefly proves is, we think, that the country has renounced the delusive habit, or hope, held only in the first weeks of the war, that *we* would be wise to fight offensively and to "put up" an unexpected plot at sea.

Nothing that *they* might do would surprise the public, evidently.

"Have you heard? The Kaiser is on the top of the Monument with a machine gun!"

Who knows? It may be true. . . . But, now, listen to this: "The island of Blankland has been taken by us."

No. Can't be true. . . . Is this attitude of the public, then, "pessimistic"?

Hardly. It is merely a registration of or comment upon a purely "defensive" policy on our part, spread over many months, earlier in the war. The public has not yet learnt to adapt itself to the possibility of an offensive policy, everywhere, on our side. It may learn in time.

W. M.

DEAD AND LIVING.

The dead abide with us! Though stark and cold Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still: They have forged our chains of being for good or ill, And their invisible hands these hands yet hold. Our perishable bodies are the mould In which their strong imperishable will— Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil— Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold. Vibrations infinite of life in death, As a star's travelling light survives its start! So may we hold our lives, then when we are So faint of those who then will draw this breath, They shall not drag us, their judgment-bar, And curse the heritage which we bequest.

MATILDE BLIND (1847-1896).

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

To see a world in a grain of sand, and a heaven in a wild flower, to hold infinity in the palm of your hand, and eternity in an hour.—William Blake.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND—FOOD DIFFERENCES.

SAVING HINTS FROM ONE WHO KNOWS BOTH COUNTRIES.

By a FRENCHWOMAN.

MUCH has been said of the difficulty of inducing servants to alter their habits, even in these times when economy in food in households great and small is of such priceless national service. May I give my experience, with results indicating that servants are amenable to orders and to example?

I may have been very fortunate, but at any rate I do not believe difficulties with cooks and others are so great as some people say. I have been settled in England some years and know the domestic in London just as well as in Paris. The two types are extremely dis-

ishes are the measure of respectability—and the proof that it is possible for the domestics themselves to be comfortable in a house.

It, however, was easy later on, by gradually introducing methods in the matter of soups and vegetables, to get English girls to cook as well as any French person, and I could carry on my housekeeping as efficiently and thriftily in London as my mother had done here in Paris.

But no particular credit is due to me because something of value was learned in my house.

WHY NOT SOUP?

That servants as a class are amenable may be seen in the good work now being done outside the domestic circle. One has only to look around to see how they adapt themselves to strange conditions in work and in garb and how well they acquit themselves in the new occupations. Some of my maids be-

OUR DOCTOR'S ADVICE—THEN AND NOW.



It may be patriotism or it may be a new medical theory—but where they once used to recommend "feeding up," they now urge eating less.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

"BACK TO THE LAND."

CAN WE SUPPORT OUR OWN PEOPLE AFTER THE WAR?

"GUARANTEES."

I AM amongst those "few" readers of yours who have found time to look at the Agricultural Report.

What mainly occurs to me in reading it is that the Commissioners seek to restore agriculture and farming in England by "guaranteeing" a certain price for wheat and a certain wage for labour, and so on.

Now, I don't think anybody could look forward more eagerly than I do to a return to the land after the war. Our predominant city life is the curse of our civilisation. But if we are to guarantee to pay the farmer's losses (so to speak), where is the money to come from in our condition of "huge" indebtedness?

Our climate is a pretty disastrous one for arable farming. For grass farming and pasturing it presents fewer risks. Is not that one reason why the farmers have taken to grass and left the arable?

COUNTRY DWELLER, ESSEX.

A CHANGED ATTITUDE.

OUR great increase of population in the nineteenth century was mainly due to a conviction that foreign supplies would never fail. Who regarded it as a matter of any importance before this war that we were unable to live without those supplies?

Our whole attitude towards the population problem will be altered by the war. M. E. York-street, S.W.

MORE BABIES?

"W. M." is justified in his denunciation of the birth-rate maniacs. Before demanding more children of the nation, let us for Heaven's sake look more efficiently after the welfare of those already born! Housing reform, food reform, health reform—these are first required. UTOPIA.

NUMBERS AND FOOD.

THE numerous statements as to a world shortage of food, and not entirely due to the war, have certainly come as a shock, and "W. M." has written none too strongly on the subject.

If the rate is slowing down at which the food supply can be increased, it is obvious that the population must increase more slowly.

Were our statesmen frankly to admit this, however, we could far more than compensate for a slower growth of population by improving its quality. EUGENIST.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 27.—Turnips are a most valuable crop, and, being easy to grow, should be widely cultivated this year. The seed should be sown at once. The soil, which ought to have been made rich and deeply dug some weeks ago, should be made as fine and light as possible. Sow about 1½ in. deep in drills that run 15 in. apart.

When the young plants appear dust them with soil every few days to keep off the turnip fly, and thin them out in good time. E. F. T.

similar, but I have not found any special difficulties with either. There are, of course, essential differences between French and English life. The grade of society does not matter. But it is of the average small home I particularly desire to speak.

At first I thought it most desirable to have French servants, considering it impossible to have cooking done by any other. The style customary here appeared too extravagant and, worse still, the menus were not worth half the expenditure!

To give a measure of my appreciation of expenses, even in ordinary times, let me say I regard the constant buying of joints of meat with no more favour than the constant buying of jewellery.

This view is so un-English that I dared not at first expect to find it easy to get on with London servants, to whom big joints and huge

came very keen on this modest sort of French cooking, recognising its food value, its tastefulness and small expense. One has married, and in her own home now adds to her excellent qualities an efficiency learned in some matters in mine. Now that the pinch has come through the war it is not difficult to economise in such households. The money spent is little more than usual, the food is varied according to the occasion and always kept within narrow limits and yet sufficient of the principal things.

There is not so much meat, and that used (principally in stews) is of the less expensive sort of beef, that is to say, the coarser. One does not miss potatoes as long as there is plenty of other vegetables, and particularly that onions—foundation of so many simple dishes—are still procurable. Fish,

not omitting the minor sort of miniature whitening, coding and dabs suitable for bouillabaisse, can serve as food fit for princes as chief meals for three days weekly. Ordinary chow is too expensive, but the soft white sorts beaten with milk are appetising and rich. Eggs lend themselves to a dozen styles of dishes, and rice is abundant.

Many people have neither time nor opportunity for providing such varieties in food as the market from day to day suggests as best for economy and health. Here may I say that it is good to see how quickly the communal kitchens established in a few places have become a success? They might be extended to other parts of London to enable women to buy hot food at reasonable rates. Middle-class people in Paris in peace time are able to buy pot-au-feu or bouillon steaming hot from their butchers.

A CHANCE FOR WHICH THEY HAVE LONG WAITED—CAVALRY TAKES PART



Sherwood Foresters on the march through the old Boche country.—(Official photograph.)



Cavalry riding across a bridge which was rapidly built to replace one destroyed by the enemy.

Open warfare has given our cavalry the chance for which they have been waiting for two years. It was reported yesterday that they had taken two villages, Equancourt and

ideal country for cava

TRENCH CONSULTATION.



A French army doctor examining a poilu's chest. He has been making a round of the trenches.

WEDDING OF A V.C.



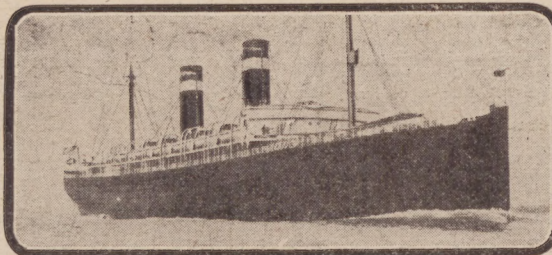
Private J. Caffery, V.C., and his bride, Miss Florence Avey, of Cambridge. The bridegroom, who also holds a Russian decoration, was in the retreat from Mons. He won his V.C. at Ypres.

TO-DAY'S BRIDE



Miss Ena Grossmith, daughter of Mr. George Grossmith, who is to be married to-day.

FIRST ARMED LINER REACHES LIVERPOOL.



The St. Louis, the first liner armed fore and aft to cross the Atlantic. No submarine was seen on the voyage.

THREE MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



Mr. Frank Richardson, for thirty-nine years chief constable of Hereford, awarded the King's Police Medal.

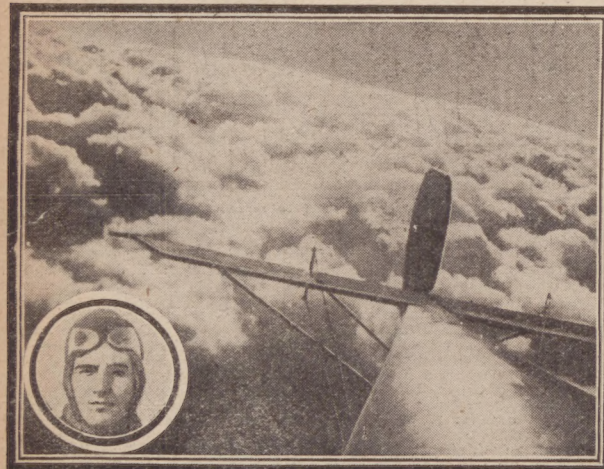


Gen. Lechitzky, who, it is announced, will replace Gen. Evert on the Russian central front.



Sir Eric Geddes, who has been appointed Inspector-General of Transportation in all theatres of war.

IN A CLOUD BANK OVER THE BULGAR LINES.



Aeroplane working its way through a cloud bank to the clearer air above. In the circle is Flight Sub-Lieutenant Frank Marlowe, R.N., the pilot of the machine, who has since been wounded.



An observation post.—(Official photograph.)

VALRY TAKES PART IN THE OPEN WARFARE AND CAPTURES TWO VILLAGES.



It was rapidly built to replace one destroyed by the enemy. Note the hay bags.—(Official photograph.)
 for which they have been | lages, Equancourt and Longavennes. The approaches to the latter place form
 ay that they had taken two vil | ideal country for cavalry, as there is much wooded cover.



The soldiers have the situation explained to them after crossing the Somme.—(Official photograph.)

PRINCE DEAD.



Prince Frederick Karl of Prussia, who has died from wounds. His aeroplane was brought down by British.

SAVED FRIEND'S LIFE.



Private J. W. Charles (seated), of Higham Ferrers, who gave twenty-three ounces of his blood and thus saved the life of his friend, Private Macy, of Stourton, seen lying in bed.

HUNS NOT TO RETURN.

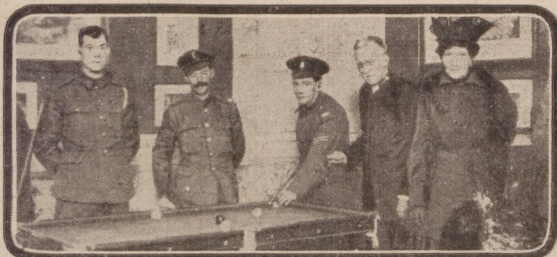


Poilus fixing barbed wire before newly-captured position. They don't intend to permit the Hun to return.



An observation post.—(Official photograph.)

LONDON HOTEL GIVEN UP TO SOLDIERS.



Lady Haig at the Buckingham Palace Hotel, which she opened as a hostel for soldiers yesterday.

NURSES WHO ARE IN THE NEWS.



Sister K. O'Connell, great granddaughter of Daniel O'Connell, awarded the Royal Red Cross.

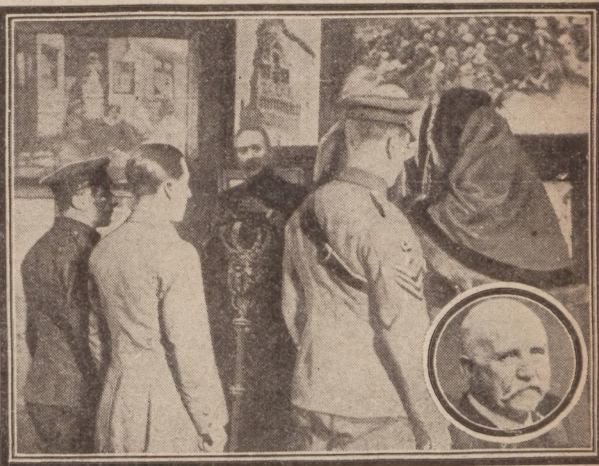


Miss A. E. Smith, decorated. She is sister-in-charge of the Trent Bridge Hospital, Nottingham.



Miss M. Ward, to marry Capt. Leslie E. Penpiat. She has just returned from nursing in France.

CANADIAN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS AT NEWCASTLE.



Councillor George Lunn, the Lord Mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne (also seen in circle), decorated three Canadians with the Military Medal at the opening of the Canadian Official War Photographs Exhibition in that city.

To prevent Dandruff

After washing with ordinary Shampoos, household soaps and washing soda, the hair must be thoroughly rinsed. Now, too much or too little wetting ruins the hair and causes dandruff. But Icilma Shampoo Sachets need little rinsing—they provide all the wetting required, and prevent dandruff.

Used once a fortnight for adults and twice a week for children, Icilma Shampoo Sachets keep the hair in healthy condition, and make it soft, silky and glossy. The only shampoo that prevents falling and helps the hair to grow. Sweetly fragrant.

Icilma

Shampoo Sachets

2d. packet; 7 packets 1/- everywhere. Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.
ICILMA COMPANY, LTD., 37, 39, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

NO MORE ASTHMA

Every asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops, and you can breathe easily.

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. So that you may prove its value, send for the Free Trial at once.

Fill up form and receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" Tells all about the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, druggists and stores for 1/-

Sign this Form To-day
Potter & Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E.
Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure

NAME

ADDRESS

"Daily Mirror."

CASH LOANS

Ladies or Gentlemen of all classes in a position to repay can have £20 to £5,000, repayable monthly or quarterly.

STRICT PRIVACY ASSURED.

12 payments of £4 3 4 repayable £50 Bill or Note.

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No security required, only written promise to repay.

Anyone who has an income or expecting money, property or income left in will of a relative or friend or by settlement, no matter when payable, can have a loan at once arranged.

£100 to £500 at 12% interest per annum each £100.

£500 to £20,000 at 25 10s.

Loans can remain unpaid any number of years. Business completed at interview or order by post almost immediately.

S. & F. N. JAMES, Premier House, 48, Dorset Street, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.

"CAUTIONARY RHYMES"

No. 4

BLACKFRIARS: A RETROSPECT.

Where Baynard built his Castle,
And Montfichet his Tower,
The Black Friars formed their convent,
With Baynard's land as dower;
And there within their cloisters
The friars did fast and pray,
Till Henry seized upon their house
And turned the friars away.
To-day, where stood the convent,
Where friars did fast and pray,
A stream of traffic passes
Along a broad highway;
And all who seek a crossing
Where SAFETY FIRST is found,
Like friars, can walk through cloisters,
Now builded underground.

From side to side these subways
Pass underneath the street,
That all who cross this corner
Need not the traffic meet;
And just as in past ages
Friars from the world withdrew,
So folk who cross Blackfriars to-day
Should seek the cloister too



THE LONDON GENERAL OMNIBUS CO., LTD.,
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WESTMINSTER, S.W.

W.B.

Reduso

CORSETS

W.B. REDUSO Corsets actually reduce the hips and abdomen from "one to five" inches, and have the "OLD CORSET" comfort at first wearing.

They make large hips disappear—waist lines more graceful—bust lines smaller and neater, and feel easy on the largest figure.

A properly fitted W.B. Reduso model will make you seem slender, but not by compression.

Elastine gorges ensure comfort to the wearer in any position.

PROCURABLE AT ALL DRAPERS.

Illustrated Booklet and name of nearest agent sent free on request. Write to "W.B. Corsets," Dept. M, 23, London Wall, London, E.C. 2.



Common forms of INDIGESTION

Whatever form your indigestion may take, Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made only by Savory & Moore, will relieve it. Here are a few instances:—

INDIGESTION.—"Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are the very best remedy I have been able to get. I have tried everything I have seen advertised, but nothing has done me any good. I dreaded to eat anything, but now one lozenge has the desired effect. I cannot praise them highly enough."

FLATULENCE.—"I am delighted to state that they are truly magical in their effect. All symptoms of flatulence, flushed cheeks, etc., after meals are now at once dispersed, also the oppressive feeling of fulness."

LONG-STANDING DYSPESIA WITH DISTRESSING HEARTBURN.—"The Lozenges certainly gave great relief. . . . I personally will prescribe them" (medical man).

FLATULENCE AT NIGHT.—"One or two taken when required seem most useful in dispelling wind and other discomforts which interfere with proper sleep."

HUNGER PAIN.—"Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are the only things I know of that take away that intense 'Hunger Pain' which is such acute suffering" (medical man).

Boxes, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-, of all Chemists.

SAMPLE FOR 2d. POST FREE

A Sample Box of the Lozenges, sufficient for a thorough trial, will be sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps for postage, etc. Mention "Daily Mirror" and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond-st., London.

HÆMORRHOIDS (PILES)

Our treatment for this distressing ailment has been in successful use for over 40 years, and has cured thousands of sufferers. Relief is immediate. A 14-sample treatment will be sent in plain wrapper free, on receipt of three penny stamps to cover postage. Address: Dr. Van Vleck Co., Ltd., 2, Wine Office Court, London, E.C. 4.

PETER LISTER: THE MAN WHO FORGOT

By RUBY M. AYRES.



Nan Marraby.

and a brother officer, who comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory.

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

NAN MARRABY, a charming girl, who became engaged to Peter Lyster, on the eve of his departure for France.

PETER LISTER, who has lost his memory as the result of a shock. He has forgotten that he is engaged to a girl.

JOAN ENDICOTT, Nan's friend, whose husband is at the front. She and Nan are living together.

JOHN ARNOTT, Peter's friend and a brother officer, who comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory.

NAN MARRABY became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France. All the time he is away she devotes herself to cheering her friend Joan Endicott, whose husband is at the front in France. They live together in a little flat, each anxiously waiting for the news that she dreads and hopes for the safe return of the man she loves.

At last news reaches Nan that Peter has been seriously wounded. She bears the blow heroically, and decides to go on as usual.

John Arnett, Peter's friend, takes Nan to the hotel at which he is staying with Peter. He tries to dissuade her from what he knows will be a painful interview, but she insists upon going on. Alone she goes into the smoking-room, where Peter is talking with great animation to a girl.

A terrible suspicion—a suspicion which she feels ashamed—flashes into Nan's mind. Peter seems so well and so natural that she wonders how he has really lost his memory—or whether she has been cruelly deceived.

Nan hesitatingly explains that she thinks she must have left her gloves there. Peter comes and helps her to look for them, but although they eyes meet he does not remember Nan at all.

The next day Arnett brings Nan the packet of letters she had written to Peter.

Joan receives a telegram from her husband to say that he is returning home on leave. She is overjoyed and almost like a selfish child in her delight.

While walking near Oxford-circus Nan is hailed by John Arnett. A little behind him is Peter Lyster. They have tea together. Peter pays Nan scant attention, and to her all hope of regaining the man she loves seems dead.

Arriving home, after leaving Peter and Arnett, Nan receives a telegram. Her stepmother has died suddenly. She leaves at once for her home in Essex. As the train is leaving the station a man jumps into Nan's compartment.

"I beg your pardon," he says to her. "But aren't you Miss Marraby? My name is Sefton—your I and Peter Lyster had dinner together the last night he was in England."

Her travelling companion asks about Peter. Perhaps I had better tell you that Mr. Lyster and I are no longer engaged, she says.

Harley Sefton then tells Nan of a man he knows who, on returning from the front, pretends to be a friend of his memory.

A feeling of dreadful weakness comes over Nan—but she hates herself for thinking of doubting Peter. Leaving Sefton outside her father's house, she enters without saying a word.

On her father's table is a letter addressed to "Charles Sefton, Esq."

Yet he had never told Nan that he knew her father.

THE SECOND BEGINNING.

NAN took the letter up and looked at it curiously; instinctively she had not liked Sefton; even at those months ago when she and Peter had dined with him in his father's house. Peter went to France, she had not been prepossessed in his favour.

"Oh, he's all right," Peter had said carelessly. But Nan was conscious of an odd sort of reprobation now as she looked down at Harley Sefton's name written in her father's handwriting. What possible connection could there be between these two?

She dropped the letter again to the blotter. "I'm full of suspicions," she thought vexedly. "Whatever has come over me?"

She had turned to leave the room again when she heard her father's voice in the hall; she went out to him, and he looked down at a moment of silence when they came face to face.

Mr. Marraby was a tall, thin man, with shoulders that drooped as if they had a heavy burden to carry, and his face was rather fretful. Nan was used to the least like anybody who would ever have thought they were related.

"Well—my dear," he said. The last words sounded like an afterthought.

"Nan said, 'Well, father.' She felt horribly at home; she was afraid to say she was sorry for her stepmother's death, because she felt that she would not be believed; she went up to him and laid her hands on his shoulders, kissing him gently.

"I came as soon as I could," she said. "Yes, yes..." She had the curious impression that he was hardly listening to what she was saying; she stood for a moment looking at him helplessly; she wondered if there was another girl in all the world who felt such a stranger in her own home as she did.

"Shall I go up to my room?" she asked after a moment. "And where are the boys?" "The boys?" said Mr. Marraby, passing a hand across his eyes as if to try and clear his thoughts. "I really don't know," he said apologetically. "Perhaps one of the maids—"

He looked so helpless that Nan's heart melted. "I'll find them," she said. She took her suit-

case and went upstairs to the room that had always been hers. It looked bare and unfriendly, she thought, like all the rest of the house.

"I can't live here," was the thought in her mind, though she was not really conscious of it. "I can't live here for the rest of my life." And yet there was a deep-rooted conviction in her heart that she was to be her fate—that from to-day her life was mapped out and ordained, that she had just come back to take up the threads where she had snapped them three years ago. She found the silence of the house and the stillness of the country outside dreadfully depressing after the noise and bustle of London. She looked up at the blue sky, over which the first grey tinge of evening was already falling, and she thought of Peter.

Was he still in London? Still perhaps in the same hotel where she had found him that night—perhaps even at that moment he would be laughing and talking with the girl with the pretty, impertinent face, who had sat on the wide fender and looked up at him with her saucy eyes.

"It's only a dream," Nan told herself the hundredth time. It's just a wildly impossible dream—

There was a sound of stifled whispers on the landing outside her door—whispers and a subdued giggle.

Nan looked—the half-closed door was moving gently—presently a tumbled head was thrust round, followed by another and then another.

"Boys," said Nan, eagerly. She ran across the room and flung the door wide.

Three young men, ranging from six to ten stood outside eying her with bashful interest.

Nan so seldom came home that her step-brothers regarded her with a sort of suspicious shyness whenever they did see her. They were very much alike, all three, all sturdy and shock-headed, with brown eyes that stared at Nan roguishly.

"We heard you'd come," said the biggest of the three.

Heard you'd come," echoed the second biggest, with a nod.

"Heard you'd come," the small boy repeated, monotonously.

Nan did not know whether to laugh or cry; in their quaint way they reminded her of the boys in the fairy story. She went down on her knees in front of them, and put her arms round the two smaller ones—she was not quite sure if she ought to include the tall one, or if he would be offended.

"Yes, I've come," she said. "And I'm going to stay if you want me to."

The big boy nodded, the second one looked at the big one and nodded, too—and the little one looked at both his brothers and nodded also.

HAUNTING MEMORIES.

SO Nan came back home. "I don't see how I can ever leave them again." Thus she wrote to Joan Endicott the following day. "Father seems so utterly helpless and leaves everything to me, and the boys—now I seem to be getting to know them better—are really dears. We shall have to see what can be arranged in the future. I miss you very much, and keep wondering how you are getting on without me. Give my love to Tim, and tell him I do hope you will have a very happy time while he is home."

It cost Nan something to write that—the pain in her own heart seemed not to lessen with the passing hours, but she kept going all day. She made duties for herself, and forced herself to be always busy so that there was no time to think, or to give way to her desolation until night came.

Then she lay awake for hours in the room which had been hers so unhappily years before; it was like coming back to a place haunted by tears and bitter memories, and bringing more tears and more bitterness with her.

"I can't go on living here, I can't," she told herself many times a day. "I must find some way out—think of some plan." But the days slipped by, and no plan came into her head.

On the fourth day after Mrs. Marraby had been laid to rest in the little churchyard close beside Nan's own mother Joan wrote—

"Tim will be home tonight. I am so excited I can hardly think. Thank you for your card. I can't believe that you will really stay at home—you'd hate it after London."

—And Mrs. Marraby was morning. He seemed very disappointed to hear you had left her. He said that you promised to tell him when you were going. Why didn't you, Nan? He seems so very nice. Anyway, he said he should probably see you soon to a place haunted by tears and bitter memories, and bringing more tears and more bitterness with her.

Nan's heart leapt. There was no mention of Peter. She wondered if Arnett had said anything about Peter. Joan might have told her if he had—but perhaps Joan had purposely left it out. She turned back to find the date of the letter. It had been written two days ago. Then Arnett might already be at Little Gadsden—and perhaps Peter, too.

Her pulses began to race. She tried in vain to steady them. Lately she had begun to believe that she never wished to see Peter any more; and now, when she was to see him by far the best and wisest thing she could do to forget him, but she knew now what humbug it was. There was nobody for her in all the world but Peter Lyster. She felt that if she were dead she could not have called to him.

She put Joan's letter away and went downstairs. As she crossed the hall the door of her father's study opened and Harley Sefton walked out.

He stood quite still on the stairs. Sefton did not see her. He went straight to the front door, opened it, and left himself out; he had the air

of a man who knew his way well, who had been to the house many times before, Nan waited till he had gone, then she went into the room. Mr. Marraby sat at his writing-table; his face was shaded by his hand, but he looked up as his daughter entered.

"What is it, Nan?" he asked testily. There was always a shade of irritation in his voice when he spoke to his daughter.

Nan went straight to her question: "Who was that man who went out just now, father?"

Mr. Marraby frowned. "He's a business acquaintance—a Mr. Sefton—he lives over at Little Gadsden." He looked up at her. "Are there any more questions you would wish to ask?" he queried testily. "No."

Nan did not like to ask any more; after a moment she turned again to the door, but her father called to her. "Nan—with regard to your staying here." He looked at her with an anxious line between his worried eyes.

"I don't know if you have made any plans for the future." He paused.

"No—none," said Nan readily.

"I thought"—he hesitated—"I thought," he said again, "there was a question of your getting married. Some months ago you wrote to me about it." "I thought," said Nan, "I believe, the name was—" Nan's face quivered.

"Oh, but that's all finished with, father!" she said, with forced cheerfulness. "I'm not engaged to anyone now, and I am quite willing to stay here for a time and look after the boys if you wish me to."

He looked relieved, though he made no attempt to thank her.

"It has worried me, wondering what would become of them," he said. "But if you will stay, of course that settles it."

He went back to his writing, and Nan felt that she was dismissed.

"Nan," he thought, "I think of me or what I want to do," she thought, rebelliously. "Why shouldn't I have some happiness of my own?" But the next moment she was laughing ruefully at herself. What happiness could there ever be for her without Peter?

AN EMPTY HEART.

OUT in the hall Nan almost fell over the three boys. She just caught herself up in time.

"You naughty boys," she said, severely. "You've been listening at the door. Buster!" she caught the smallest of the three by his coat as he was following his brothers in a hurried retreat.

"What do you mean by listening at the door? I've told you before that it's a dreadful habit to get into. One day you'll hear something horrible about yourselves, and then you'll be sorry. Jim, come back and tell me why you were listening."

The other two obeyed reluctantly.

"Jane said you wouldn't stay here—that you were going away to be married, and leave us," Jim explained almost sullenly.

"Going to be married, and leave us," Claudie repeated.

"Leave us," said Buster in a weak echo. Nan tried to look stern.

"Well, and supposing I do," she asked. "It's all your own business, but so naughty. Perhaps you want me to go," she added forcibly.

"Want you to stay," came in a breathless chorus of three.

"Darlings," said Nan; she wanted to bug them—she felt almost sullen anxiety of their desire warmed her sad heart. She would have given anything to put her arms round them and ask them to love her, but she remembered that she had once heard Jim say it was silly to be so fond of her.

She heard them laughing happily as they ran upstairs, and she went out into the garden with tears in her eyes.

The boys wanted her, if nobody else did—it was something in a world of desolation wherein she seemed to have lost everything.

She looked down to the gate and out into the country lane.

There was a chill, fresh breeze blowing, and a feeling of rain in the air; but Nan felt more lighthearted than she had done ever since she had returned to Leavenham. The boys want her; it was something to seize upon and hug to her empty heart.

"Good evening," said a cheery voice, and waking from her reverie with a start Nan found herself looking into John Arnett's kindly face.

She gave a little cry of delight. She let him take both her hands.

"I thought I was never going to see you," he said breathlessly. He was rather red in the face, but his eyes shone. "I've haunted this lane for the last two days, and never caught a glimpse of you. Where have you been hiding, and why didn't you let me know you'd come down here?"

"I couldn't—and I haven't been hiding. I came off in a hurry. When did you come?" Joan wrote and told me you had called."

"We came the night before last—I persuaded Lyster—London was knocking him up—and he is here, then—with you?"

"Yes," he looked away from the gladness in her eyes. He let her hands go. They walked along together for a few steps.



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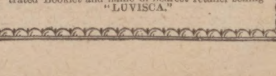
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Miss Moys Manning, who is appearing in "Vanity Fair" at the Palace Theatre.



Miss Vaughan Williams, niece of Viscountess Maitland, who is nursing in a hospital at Windsor.

DYING RUMOUR.

Yesterday's Futile Efforts of the Discredited Scaremongers.

THE RUMOUR-MONGERS were at it again yesterday. But nobody paid any attention to them. The scare stories of the week-end are not, I think, likely to be revived again for some time. Rumour has overshot its mark. I am afraid that if any item of startling intelligence leaks out in the immediate future, the "man in the street" will refuse to believe it.

Hope for Irish Settlement.

I FIND that the postponement of the debate on the Irish Estimates, arranged for to-morrow, is regarded as a hopeful sign for the success of the negotiations that are now going on. I am told that the whole Irish trouble is being approached in a more promising spirit than ever before. Very influential forces are at work, and an Irish M.P. said that while no one was sanguine there was ground for hope.

The Blockade.

THE SITTING of the House of Commons last night was anticipated with more than usual interest, for the subject which had been arranged to debate at length on the third reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill was the British blockade of Germany. There had for a long time been suspicions that it was not as tight as it might have been. Whether last night's debate will "clear the air" finally remains to be seen.

Mr. Asquith's Conversion.

ALL SUPPORTERS of woman's suffrage are anxious to hear what Mr. Asquith will say to-day in support of his motion urging the Government to legislate on the lines suggested by the Speaker's Conference, which advocated giving the vote to some women, if not all. I hear that he is expected to announce his absolute conversion to the woman's cause, whereas formerly, owing to position, he has been only able to vaguely indicate his feelings.

An Imperial Scheme.

MR. ARTHUR LYNCH, M.P., informs me that he has drafted a scheme for the government of the Colonies and Dominions and Ireland which he has sent to the Imperial Conference. Its main feature is that each should become a Republic, in alliance with Great Britain.

Motherly Legislation.

THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES are displaying a motherly interest in the women who at the invitation of the War Office will render special services in France. A lady who is at the head of one of the large organisations for women tells me that some of the regulations are quite grandmotherly. The women are not to be allowed out of their quarters after 9.30 p.m.—and summer time coming, too!

A Judge's Oranges.

LORD MOUTON, who has done splendid work in superintending the output of high explosives, owns, I hear, some of the richest orange groves in California. His gifts of fruit to his friends every year after the orange harvest are greatly valued.

No Bread Waste.

Nobody can accuse the Army of wasting bread nowadays. An officer I know told me that every scrap of bread has for some time past been collected from the mess tables to make puddings, rissoles, etc., and the waste tubs are carefully examined daily to see that no bread is thrown away.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

"Wonderful James!"

"WHAT'S BECOME OF WARING?" is a question that many playgoers have been asking themselves of late. To the delight of all present, that old-time favourite, Mr. Herbert Waring, appeared at the Garrick on Monday night in "Wonderful James!" Twenty-three years ago London audiences were listening to the same play. Only then it was called "Gudgeons," and the producer evidently thought that if you give an old play a new name it is as good as new—after twenty-three years.

Then—and Now.

HE MAY BE RIGHT. Certainly Monday night's audience seemed in a very friendly mood. But we have moved since 1894. Then Parker-Carsonism was all the rage. (I remember how we revelled in "Rosemary.") To-day, I must confess, it seemed to me a little démodé. The ever-recurrent catchword, the happy and virtuous lovers, disdainful of money and finding in love itself the final reward of life—these things, I fear me, belong to a discarded tradition.

A Fine Cast.

STILL, Mr. Herbert Waring worked wonders. I have never seen him better than he is in this finished study of a needy adventurer. Miss Marion Terry, too, with her half-humorous, half-pathetic appeal—what play could fail to please that had her for one of its characters? And Mr. Scott Sunderland as Reginald Ffolliott was the perfect lover whom once we used to love.

Miss Monkman's Dash.

I TOLD you the other day how Miss Phyllis Monkman saved the situation at the Empire on the first night by deputising for Miss Sadrenne Storri in "Hanky Panky" at ten minutes' notice. I did not tell you, however—for I did not know it at the time—that, in her hurry, she forgot to put on shoes, and that with only sandals on her stocking-less feet, she ran through the streets from the Comedy to the Empire, as all attempts to obtain a taxicab were fruitless.



Miss Phyllis Monkman.

"Who Is He?"

THAT SUCCESSFUL mystery play, "Who Is He?" made its first appearance in the suburbs on Monday, when it was produced at the Kennington Theatre. There was, I am told, a full and enthusiastic house, and the acting of both Mr. Norman V. Norman and Miss Avie Graham was greatly appreciated by the South London audience.

Wanted—Mascots.

MISS LILY ELsie wants mascots. There is going to be a big bazaar at the Albert Hall on May 7, in aid of the after-care of blinded soldiers and sailors, and Miss Elsie will preside at a mascot stall. Any kind of mascot will do. Send it to Miss Elsie at 6, Bayswater-hill, W. 2.

Damages.

I SEE that Mr. W. W. Jacobs has been awarded damages against a Danish newspaper, which he accused of having used his novel, "Mixed Relations," without his authority. The Court found for Mr. Jacobs and awarded him 200 kroner damages and eighty kroner costs.

A Clever Talker.

MR. JACOBS is one of those humorists—there are not many of them—who are as amusing in their conversation as in their books. The first time I met him was at one of the Omar Khayyam dinners at Frascati's. He was a pale, slender young man, with tow-coloured hair, in those days, but even then he had made a considerable stir in the literary world. And his talk was as exhilarating as champagne.

Sketched at School.

I MET a friend of Captain Bairnsfather's who told me that one of the captain's most treasured possessions was a copy of Virgil which he had used at school. The margins and flyleaves, he said, are covered with exceedingly funny caricatures of the masters and boys.

Destroyer of the Oil Wells.

I SAW in a luncheon party the other day Mrs. Will Gordon, the traveller and writer, and Colonel Sir John Norton Griffiths, who recently returned from Rumania after destroying the oil wells.

Workers for Rumania.

HE IS as great a traveller as Mrs. Gordon, and, like her, is devoted to Rumania. She works daily at the Rumanian Red Cross depot in Hill-street, Knightsbridge, with Mme. Misu and Mme. Jonescu. The depot has, she tells me, urgent need both of workers and of material for the stricken people of Rumania.

Back from Brighton.

MRS. ELINOR GLYN is back in town from Brighton, where she has been recuperating. She is making a duty of economy and says that she could pass an examination in omnibus numbers and omnibus routes.

A Queen Takes the Veil.

I LEARN from a good source that Queen Olga of Greece, widow of King George, has taken the veil. It had been her wish for some time.

Lord Chylesmore.

I AM glad to hear that Lord Chylesmore is recovering from his operation. He has proved an excellent president of the various courts-martial which are held at the Westminster Guildhall, and knows how to temper justice with mercy. His return to public life will be generally welcomed.

German Ingenuity.

THE NEWSPAPERS told yesterday of German families who employed private smugglers to fetch food from Holland. A wagish friend says that's not unusual enterprise, for the Crown Prince has been doing his own burgling since the war began.

Slump in Sewing Machines.

I LEARN there is a slump in sewing machines. Women have little time for home work, and so everything has to be bought ready-made.



Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, who has been adopted as a candidate for Oxford.



Mr. Robb Lawson, who has just written "The Story of the Scots Stage."

Pergolesi in London.

PERGOLESi's "MATER DOLOROSA" is not often heard in London, but I see that a performance of it is to be given at St. John's, Wilton-road—just outside Victoria Station—next Friday. St. John's has always been famous for the high character of its musical services, and at the time when the late Rev. G. F. Holden was priest-in-charge it was one of the most famous preaching centres in London.

Lady Haig Presides.

LADY HAIG is altogether such a popular lady, and her public appearances so rare, that at the opening of the Buckingham Palace Hotel hostel for soldiers (which she undertook) I could only get a glimpse of her smile, her black gown and hat and furs over a vast crowd in the canteen.

At the King's Expense.

ONE of the very kindly National Guard who do night duty for the men there took me over the hotel, which contains some 500 beds, and then across to the Riding School, which, at his Majesty's personal expense, has had a floor laid down, bath rooms, stoves, beds and easy chairs inserted to hold another hundred.

The King's Visit.

THE KING, my guide told me, comes in there every week when in town. He never announces his coming, but goes quietly up to the balcony where Queen Victoria used to sit watching her sons learning to ride. Then he comes down, and, passing among the men, has a word for each. THE RAMBLER.

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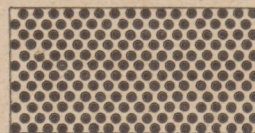
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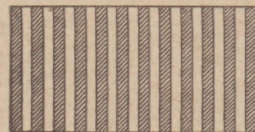
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Lord Mouton.

READ MR. BOTTOMLEY'S ARTICLE IN "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"

NOT TO BE RELEASED.



Miss Sadrenne Storri, who will remain in the cast of the "Bing Girls," having failed to get her release for the new Empire revue.—(Arbuthnot.)

Daily Mirror

HOW THEY SAY "KAMERAD."



Lance-Corporal Monks, an Australian machine gunner, who chased and killed an enemy machine-gun crew of four in the region of Bapaume. He has brought home a trophy.

MISS BEECHAM MARRIED.



Miss C. Beecham, sister of Sir Thomas Beecham, was married yesterday at Hampstead Parish Church to Mr. Reginald J. Wrathall.

OFFICERS IN THE WAR NEWS.



2nd-Lieut. E. Brown, of Torquay, awarded the Italian Silver Medal for valour in France.



Lieut. H. W. D. Griffith, R.N., in command of the destroyer reported sunk on March 1.

P.C. MATHESON LANG ON DUTY.



Mr. Matheson Lang (taller figure) and his dresser. Both are "specials."—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

CHEAP FOOD FOR WORKERS—SUCCESS OF EAST-END COMMUNAL KITCHEN.



Miss Seddon serving soup, which costs 1½d. and 2d. a basin. Everything else is equally cheap.



Carrying home soup and a meat pudding.



Dockers taking their midday meal.

The communal kitchen run by the Wesleyan East End Mission at Paddy's Goose, the famous public-house in Shadwell High-street, has proved such a boon to the workers in this district that it is proposed to extend the experiment and a second kitchen is to be opened shortly in the Mile End-road by Mrs. Lloyd George.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)